

# The Tragedie.

*Hast.* His Grace looks cheerfully and smooth to day,  
Theres some conceit or other likes him well,  
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit,  
I thinke there is neuer a man in Christendome,  
That can lesse hide his loue or hate then he:  
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

*Dar.* What of his heart preceiue you in his face,  
By any likelihood he shewed to day?

*Hast.* Mary, that with no man here he is offended,  
For if he were, he would haue shewen it in his face.

*Dar.* I Pray God he be not, I say.

*Enter Gloster.*

*Glo.* I pray you all, what do they deserue  
That do conspire my death with diuellish plots,  
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild  
Vpon my bodie with their hellish charmes?

*Hast.* The tender loue I beate your Grace my Lord,  
Makes me most forward in this noble presence,  
To doome the offenders whatsoeuer they be:  
I say my Lord they haue deserued death.

*Glo.* Then be your eyes the witnesse of this ill,  
See how I am bewicht, behold mine arme  
Is like a blasted sapling withered vp,  
This is that Edwards wife, that monstrous witch,  
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,  
That by their witchcrafts thus haue marked me.

*Hast.* If they haue done this thing my gracious Lord.

*Glo.* If, thou protector of this damned strumpet,  
Telt thou me of issues? thou art a traitor.

Off with his head. Now by Saint Paul,

I will not dine to day I sweare,

Vntill I see the same, some see it done:

The rest that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt, manet*

*Ha.* Wo wo for England, not a whit for me: *Ca. with Hast.*

For I too fond might haue preuented this:

Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,

But I disdaind it, and did scorne to flie,

Three times to day my footcloth horse did stumble,

And startled when he lookt vpon the Tower,

of Richard

As loth to beare me to the slaug  
Oh, now I want the Priest that sp  
I now repent I told the Pursuar  
As twere triumphing at mine en  
How they at Pomfret bloodily w  
And I my selfe secure in grace an  
Oh Margaret, Margaret: now thy  
Is lighted on poore Hastings wre

*Cat.* Dispatch my Lord, the  
Make a short shrift, he longs to se

*Hast.* O momentary state of  
Which we more hunt for, then fr  
Who builds his hopes in aire of  
Lives like a drunken Sayler on a  
Ready with euery nod to tumble  
Into the fatall bowels of the dee  
Come leade me to the blocke, b  
They smile at me, that shortly sh

*Enter Duke of Gloster and*

*Glo.* Come cosen, canst thou  
Murder thy breath in middle of  
And then begin againe and stop  
As if thou wert distraught and m

*Buc.* Tut feare not me.

I can counterfeit the deepe Trag  
Speake, and looke backe, and pri  
Intending deepe suspition, gaily  
Are at my seruice like inforced s  
And both are readie in their offi  
To grace my stratagems.

*Glo.* Here comes the Maior.

*Buc.* Let me alone to enterta

*Glo.* Locke to the drawbridg

*Buc.* The reason we haue sent

*Glo.* Catesby ouerlook the v

*Buc.* Harke, I heare a drumme

*Glo.* Looke backe, defend the

*Buc.* God and our innocencie

*Glo.* O, O, be quiet, it is Cates